

AN EPICED E

OR

Funerall Song:

On the most disastrous Death, of the
High-borne *Prince* of Men, *HENRY*
Prince of WALES, &c.

With

The Funeralls, and Representation of
the Herse of the same High and mighty Prince;
Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornewaile and Rothsay,
Count Palatine of Chester, Earle of Carick,
and late Knight of the most Noble
Order of the GARTER.

Which Noble *Prince* deceased at *St.*

James, the sixt day of *November*, 1612.
and was most Princely interred the seventh
day of *December* following, within the
Abbey of Westminster, in the Eighth
yeere of his Age.

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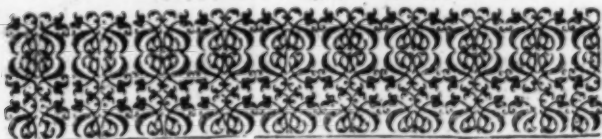
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TO MY AFFECTIO-
NATE, AND TRVE
Friend, M^r. Henry Jones.

My truest Friend :

THE most vnualueable and dismasfull hope of my most deare and Heroicall Patrone, Prince HENRY, hath so stricken all my spirits to the earth, that I will neuer more dare, to looke vp to any greatnesse; but resolving the little rest of my poore life to obscuritie, and the shadow of his death; prepare euer hereafter, for the light of heauen.

So absolute, constant, and noble, your loue hath beene to mee; that if I should not as effectually, by all my best expressions, acknowledge it; I could neither satisfie mine owne affection, nor deserue yours.

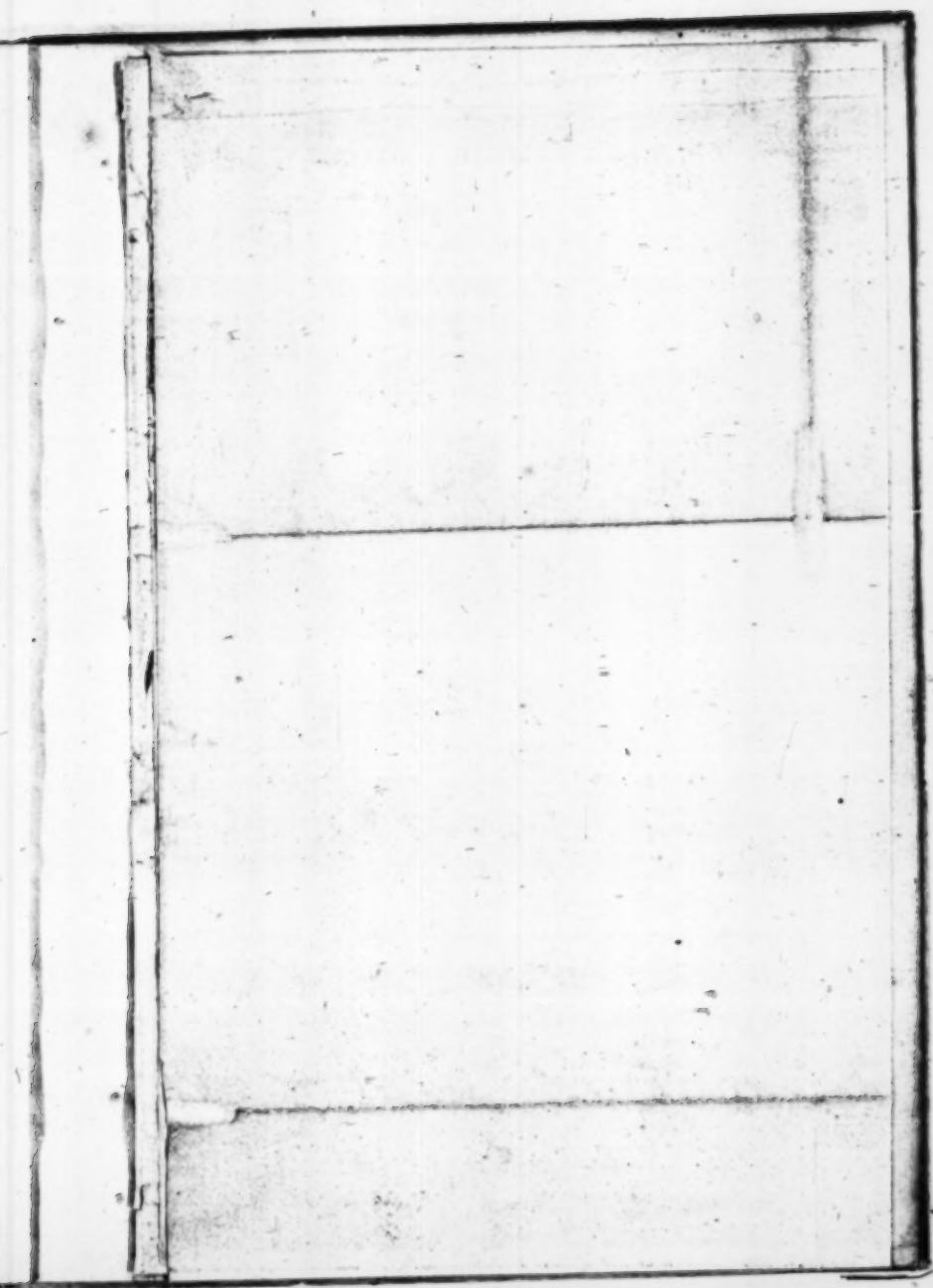
Accept therefore, as freely as I acknowledge, this vnprofitable signe of my loue; till God blessing my future labours, I may adde a full end, to whatsoeuer is begunne in your assurance of my requitall. A little, blest, makes a great feast (my best friend) and therefore despaire not, but that, out of that little, our loues alwayes made euē, may make you say, you

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

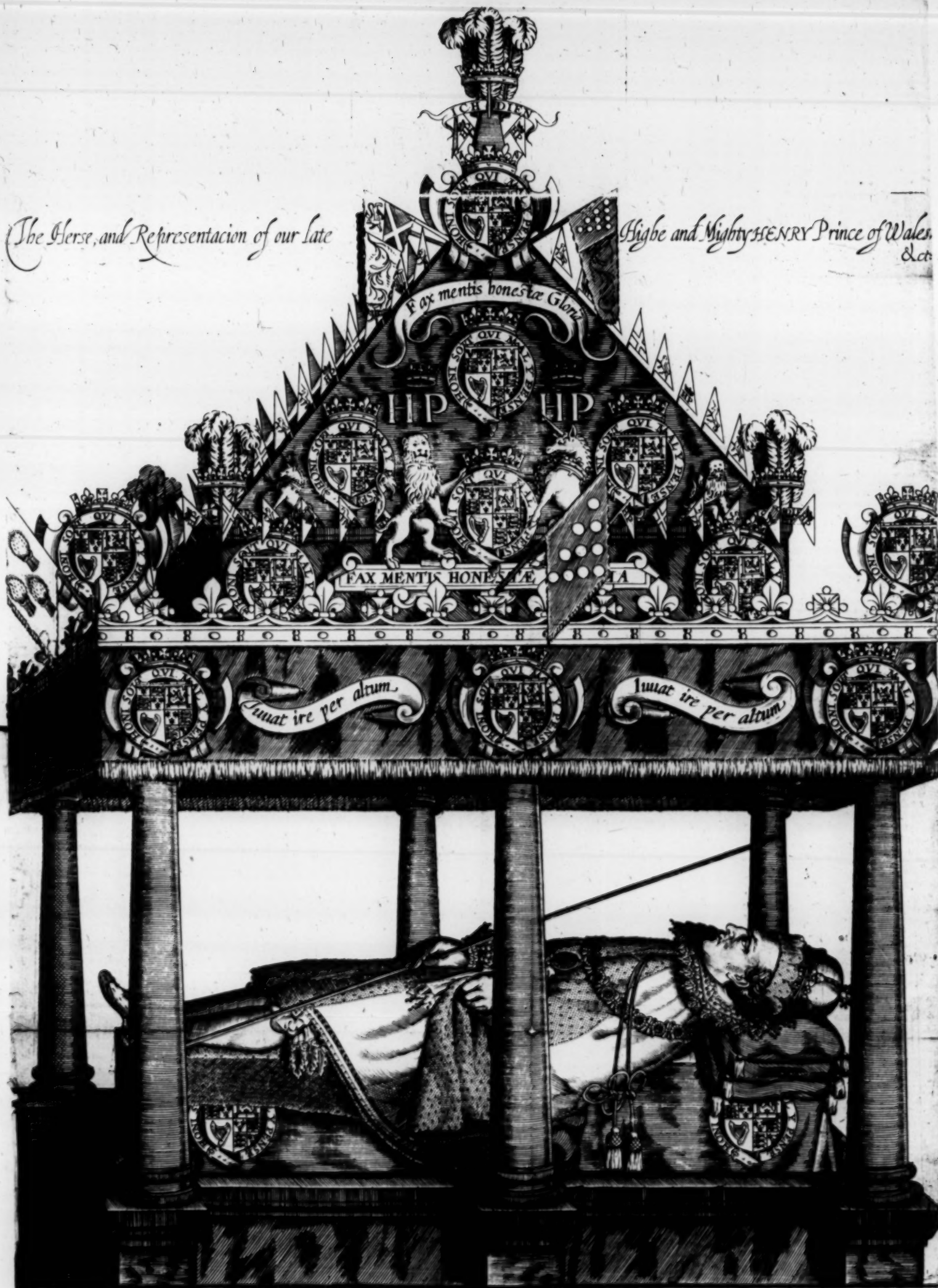
have rather beene happy in your kindnesse, then in the least degree, hurt. There may fauours passe betwixt poore friends, which euen the richest, and greatest may enuy. And God that yet neuer let me line, I know will neuer let me die an empaire to any friend. If any good, more then requitall succede, it is all yours as freely, as euer yours was mine; in which noble freedome and alacritie of doing; you haue thrice done, all I acknowledge. And thus knowing, I giue you little contentment, in this so farre v unexpected publication of my gratitwde; I rest satisfied with the ingenuous discharge of mine owne office. Your extraordinary and noble loue and sorrow, borne to our most sweet PRINCE, entitles you worthily to this Dedication: which (with my generall Loue, unfainedly protested to your whole Name and Family) I conclude you as desertfull of, at my hands, as our Noblest Earles and so euer remaine

Your most true poore Friend,

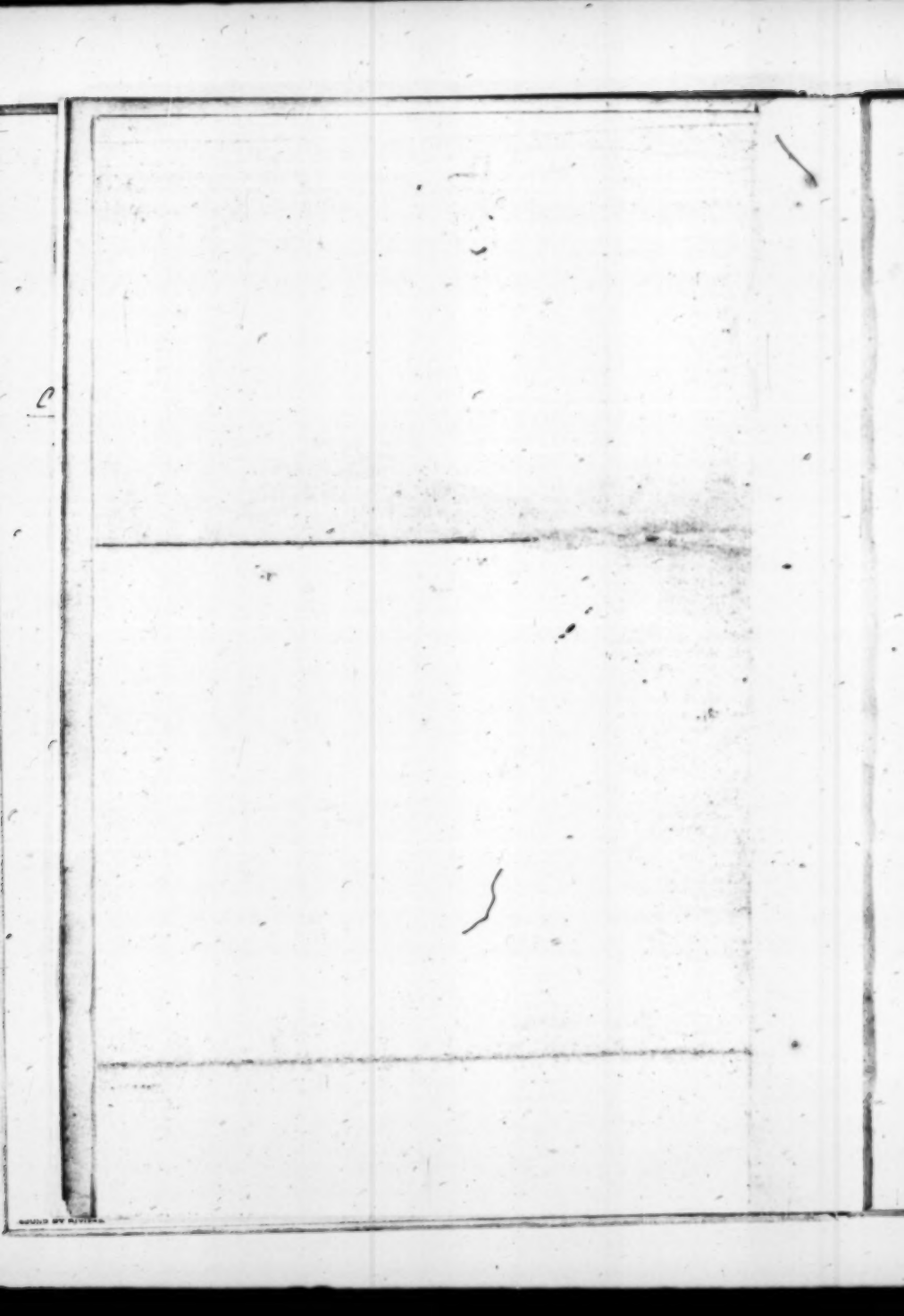
GEORGE CHAPMAN.



High and Mighty HENRY Prince of Wales.
&c.

[illegible]

We see all the virtues of the good Knight
 much as he, nor any of the Horse. We will
 the good Knight in fact, but the good
 the good Knight in fact, but the good
 the good Knight in fact, but the good





AN EPICED,

O R

Funerall Song:

On the most disastrous Death, of the
High-borne *Prince* of Men, *HENRY*
Prince of WALES, &c.

IF euer aduerse Influence enui'd
The glory of our Lands, or tooke a pride
To trample on our height; or in the Eye
Strooke all the pomp of Principalitie,
Now it hath done so; Oh, if euer Heauen
Made with the earth his angry reckening euen,
Now it hath done so. Euer, euer be
Admir'd, and fear'd, that Triple Maiestie
Whose finger could so easily sticke a Fate,
Twixt least Felicity, and greatest state;

B

Such

Epicedium,

Such, as should melt our shore into a Sea,
And dry our Ocean with Calamitie.
Heauen open'd, and but show'd him to our eies,
Then shut againe; and show'd our Miseries.

*Exposulatio
a perturbatione.*

O God, to what end are thy Graces giuen?
Onely to show the world, Men fit for Heauen,
Then rauish them, as if too good for Earth?
VVe know, the most exempt in wealth, power,
Or any other blessing; should employ (Birth,
(As to their chiefe end) all things they enioy,
To make them fit for Heauen; and not pursue
VWith hearty appetite, the damned crue
Of meerely sensuall and earthye pleasures?
But whē one hath done so; shal strait the treasures
Digg'd to, in those deeps, be consum'd by death?
Shall not the rest, that error swalloweth,
Be, by the Patterne of that Master-peece,
Help't to instruct their erring faculties?
VWhen, without cleare example; euen the best
(That cannot put by knowledge to the Test
what they are taught) sense like the worst in field?
Is power to force, who will not freely yield,
(Being great assistant, to diuine example)
As vaine a Pillar to thy Manly Temple?

VWhen

or, a Funerall Song.

when (without perfect knowledge, which scarce
Of many kingdoms reach) no other stone (one
Man hath to build one corner of thy Phane,
Saue one of these? But when the desperate wane
Of power, and of example to all good,
So spent is, that one cannot turne the flood,
Of goodnes, gainst her ebbe; but both must plie,
And beat full to; or her streame will drie;
VVhere shall they meete againe, now he is gone
Where both went foot by foot; & both were one?

*Potentia
expers sapi-
entia quo
maior est,
eo pernici-
osior: sapi-
entia precul-
à potentia
manca vi-
detur. Plat.*

One that in hope, tooke vp to ropleffe height
All his great Ancestors; his one saile, freight
VVith all, all Princes treasures; he like one
Of no importance; no way built vpon,
Vanisht vvithout the end, for vvich he had
Such matchlesse vertues, & was God-l ke made?
Haue thy best vvorkes no better cause t' expresse
Themselues like men, and thy true Images?
To roile in vertues study, to sustaine
(vvith comfort for her) want, & shame, & paine;
No nobler end in this life, then a death (breath?
Timeles, and wretched, wrought with lesse then
And nothing solide, worthy of our soules?
Nothing that Reason, more then Sense extols!

Epicedium,

Nothing that may in perfect iudgement be
A fit foote for our Crowne eternitie?
All which, thou seem'st to tell vs, in this one
Killing discomfort, apt to make our mone
Conclude gainst all things, serious and good;
our selues, not thy forms, but Chymæras brood.

*Chymæra, a
monster,
hauing his
head and
breit like a
Lyon; his
belly like a
Goate; and
taile like a
Dragon.*

Now Princes, dare ye boast your vig'rous states
That Fortunes breath thus builds and ruinate?
Exalt your spirits? trust in flowry youth?
Giue reynes to pleasure? all your humors sooth?
Licence in rapine? Powers exempt from lawes?
Contempt of all things, but your own applause?
And think your swindge to any tyranny giuen,
VVill stretch as broad, & last as long as heauen;
whē he thar curb'd with vertues hand his powre
his youth with continence; his sweet with sowre
Boldnes with pious feare; his pallats height
Applied to health, and not to appetite;
Felt timeles sicknes charge; state, power to flie,
And gluttred Death with all his crueltie.

To Death,

Partiall deuourer euer of the best,
VVith headlong rapture, sparing long the rest
Could not the precious teares his Father shed,
(That are with Kingdomes to be ransomed?)

His

or, a Funerall Song.

His Bleeding prayer, vpon his knees t'implore,
That if for any sinne of his, Heauen tore
From his most Royall body that chiefe Limme,
It might be ransom'd, for the rest of Him?

*The Prayer
of the
King in
the Prin-
ces sickness.*

Could not the sacred eies thou didst prophane
In his great Mothers teares? The spightful bane
Thou pour'dst vpon the cheeks of al the Graces
In his more gracious Sisters? The defaces
(with all the Furies ouer-flowing Galles)
Curstedly fronting her neere Nuptials?
Could not, O could not, the Almighty ruth
Of all these force thee to forbear the youth
Of our Incomparable Prince of Men?
whose Age had made thy Iron Forcke his Pen,
T'eternise what it now doth murder meereley;
And shal haue from my soule, my curses yerely.

Tyrant, what knew'st thou, but the barbarous
wound

Thou gau'st the son, the Father might cōfound?
Both liu'd so mixtly, and were ioyntly One,
Spirit to spirit cleft. The Humor bred
In one heart, straight was with the other fed;
The blood of one, the others heart did fire;
The heart and humour, were the Sonne & Sire;

Epicedium,

The heart yet, void of humors slender'st part,
May easier liue, then humour without heart;
The Riuer needes the helpfull fountaine euer,
More then the Fountaine, the supplied Riuer.
Siml. Asth'Iron then, when it hath once put on
The Magnets qualitie, to the vertuous Stone
Is euer drawne, and not the stone to it:

Apodosis. So may the heauens, the sonnes Fate, nor admit
To draw the Fathers, till a hundred yeeres
Haue drown'd that lssue to him in our teares.

Reditio ad Principem. Blest yet, and sacred shall thy memory be,
O-nothing-lesse-then-mortall Deitie.
Thy Graces, like the Sunne, to all men giuing;
Farall to thee in death, but kill me liuing.
Now, as inuerted, liketh *Antipodes*,
The world ('in all things of desert to please)
Is false on vs, with thee: thy ruines lye
On our burst bosomes, as if from the skye
The *Day-star*, greater then the world were driuen
Suncke to the Earth, and left a hole in Heauen;
through which, a second deluge now poures down
On our poore Earth; in which are ouer-flowne
The seeds of all the sacred Vertues, set (met
In his Spring-Court; where all the prime spirits
Of

or, a *Funerall Song.*

Of all our Kingdomes; as if from the death, ○ Those that
 That in men liuing; basenes and rapine sheath, came to
 VVhere they before liu'd, they vnwares were the Prin-
 Into a free, and fresh *Elisium*; (come ces seruice
 Casting regenerate, and refined eyes (vice, teem'd
 On him that rais'd them from their graues of (compared
 Digg'd in their old grounds, to spring fresh on with the
 That his diuine Ideas did propote, (those places they
 First to himselfe; & then would forme in them. fore) to
 VVho did not thirst to plant his sonne neer him rise from
 as neer the *Thames* their houses? what one worth death to
 VVas there in all our world, that set not forth the fields
 All his deserts, to Pilgrime to his fauors, of life, in-
 VVith all deuotion, offering all his labors? tending
 And how the wilde Bore, Barbarisme, now the best
 will roore these Quick-fets vp? what hearb shall part of
 that is not sown in his inhumane tracts? (grow, yong
 No thought of good shall spring, but many aets and noble
 Will crop, or blast, or blow it vp: and see Gentle-
 How left to this, the mournfull Familie, men,
 Muffled in black clouds, full of reares are driven The par-
 With stormes about the relickes of this *Heauen*; ting of the
 Retiring from the world, like Corfes, hieft Princes
 Home to their graues, a hundred waies dispers'd. Seruants.
 and VV ○

Epicedium,

The Prin-
ces house
an Olim-
pus, where
all conten-
tion of ver-
tues were
practised.

*Non Homeri
Aurea Respu*

Saint
James his
house.

Rich-
mond.

O that this court-schoole; this *Olimpus* meetly,
VVhere two-fold Man was practisde; should so
Dissolue the celebration purpos'd there, (early
Of all *Heroique* parts, when farre and neere,
All were resolu'd t'admire, None to contend,
VVhen, in the place of all, one wretched end
VVill take vp all endeaours; Harpye Gaine,
Pandare to Gote, Ambition; goulden Chaine
To true mans freedome; not from heau'n let fal
To draw men vp; But shor from Hell to hale
All men, as bondslaues, to his Turckish den,
For Toades, and Adders, far more fit then men.

His house had well his surname from a *Saint*,
All things so sacred, did so liuely paint
Their pious figures in it : And as well
His other house, did in his Name fore-tell
what it should harbour; a rich world of parts
Bonfire-like kindling, the still-feasted Arts,
which now on bridles bite, and puff Contempt
Spurres to Despaire, from all fit foode exempt.

O what a frame of Good, in all hopes rais'd
Came tumbling downe with him ! as when was
By Grecian furie, famous *Jlion*, (seisde
VVhose fall, still rings out his Confusion.

VVhat

or, a Funerall Song.

What *Triumphs*, scatterd at his feete, lye smoking!
Banquets that will not downe, their chetters choking,
Fields fought, and hidden now, with future slaughter,
Furies sit frowning, where late sat sweet laughter,
The aſtiue lying maim'd, the healthfull craſe?
All round about his Herſe? And how amaz'd
The change of things ſtands! how aſtoniſh't ioy
VVonders he euer was? yet euer y Toy
Quits this graue loſſe: Rainbowes no ſooner taint
Thinne dewye vapors, which oppos'd beames paint
Round in an inſtant, (at which children ſtare
And ſlight the Sunne, that makes them circular
And ſo diſparent) then mere gawds peirce men,
Slighting the graue, like fooles, and children.
So courtly nere plagues, ſooth and ſtupēſie
And vvith ſuch paine, men leaue ſelfe flatterie.
Of vvich, to ſee him free (who ſtood no leſſe
Then a full ſiege of ſuch) who can expreſſe
His moſt direſt infuſion from aboue,
Farre from the humorous ſeede of mortal loue?

The
Prince
not to be
wrought
on by flat-
tery.

He knew, that Iuſtice ſimply vſd, vv as beſt,
Made princes moſt ſecure, moſt lou'd, moſt bleſt
No Artezan; No Scholler; could pretend,
No Statesman; No Diuine; for his owne end

His know-
ledge and
wiſdome.

G

Any

Epicedium,

Any thing to him, but he vould descend
The depth of any right belong'd to it,
Where they could merit, or himselfe should quit.

He would not trust, with what himselfe con-
Any in any kinde; but euer learn'd (cern'd,
The grounds of what he built on : Nothing lies
In mans fit course, that his own knowledge flies.
Eyther direct, or circumstantiall.

Any man
is capable
of his own
fit course
and office
in any
thing.

O what are Princes then, that neuer call
Their actions to account, but flatterers trust
To make their triall, if vniust or iust?

Apostrophe.
Men grow
so vgly by
trusting
flattery
with their
informati-
ons, that
when they
see them-
selues true-
ly, by cast-
ing their
eyes in-
ward, they
cast them-
selues a-
way with
their owne
lothing.
* Siml.

Flatterers are household theeues, traitors by law,
that rob kings honors, & their soules-bloud draw;
Diseases, that keep nourishment from their food.
And as to know himselfe, is mans chiefe good,
So that vvhich intercepts that supream skill,
(which Flattery is) is the supreamest ill:

VVhose lookes will breede the Basilisk in kings
Ti at by reflexion of his sight, dyes. (eyes,

* And as a Nurse lab'ring a vwayward Childe,
Day, and night watching it, like an offspring
Talkes infinitely idly to it still; (wilde;

Sings with a standing throate, to worse from ill;
Lord-

or, a Funerall Song.

Lord-bleſſes it; beares with his pewks and cries;
And to giue it a long lifes miſeries,
Sweetens his food, rocks, kiſſes, ſings againe;
Plyes it with rattles, and all obieſts vaine :

So Flatterers, with as ſeruile childiſh things,
Obſerue, & ſooth the waiward moods of kings;
So kings, that flatterers loue, had neede to haue
as nurſe-like counſellors, & contemn the graue;
Themſelues as wayward, and as noiſome too;
Full as vntuneable in all they doe,
As poore ſicke Infants; euer breeding Teeth
In all their humours, that be worſe then Death.
How wiſe then was our Prince that hated theſe,
and wold with nought but truth his humor pleaſe
Nor would hee giue a place, but where hee ſaw
One that could uſe it, and become a Law
Both to his fortunes, and his Princes Honor.
Who wold giue *fortune* nought ſhe took vpon her,
Not giue but to deſert; nor take a chance,
That might not iuſtly, his vviſht ends aduance.
His Good he ioyn'd with Equine and Truth;
VViſedome in yeeres, crown'd his ripe head in
His heart wore all the folds of Policie, (youth;
Yet went as naked as Simplicitie.

Epicedium,

Knew good and ill, but onely good did loue;
In him the Serpēt did embrace the Doue.
Hee was not curious to sound all the streame
Of others acts, yet kept his owne from them:
“He whose most darke deeds dare not stand the
“Begot was of imposture and the night. (light,
“VWho surer then a Man, doth ends secure;
“Eyther a God is, or a Diuell sure.
The President of men, whom (as men can)
All men should imitate, was God and Man.
In these cleere deepes, our Prince fish’t troubl’d
of bloud & vantage challenge diadems. (streams
In summe, (knot-like) hee was together put,
That no man could dissolue, and so was cut.
But we shal see our foule-mouth’d factions spite
(Markt, witch-like, with one blacke eie, th’other
Ope, & oppose against this spotlesse sun; (white)
Such heauen strike blinder the th’eclipsed moon
Twixt whom and noblesse, or humanities truth,
As much dull earth lies, and as little ruth,
(Should all things sacred perish) as there lies
Twixt *Phoebe*, and the Light fount of the skies,
In her most darke delinquēce; vermine right;
That prey in darknesse, and abhorre the light,

or, a Funerall Song.

Liue by the spoile of vertue; are not well
But when they heare newes, frō their father hell
Of some blacke mischief; neuer do good deed,
But where it does much harme, or hath no need.

What shall become of vertues far-short traine,
when thou their head art reacht, high Prince of men?
O that thy life could haue disperst deaths stormes,
To giue faire act to those Heroique formes,
with which al good rules had enricht thy mind,
Preparing for affayres of euery kinde,
Peace being but a pause to breathe fierce warre;
No warrant dormant, to neglect his Starre;
The licence sence hath, is't informe the soule;
Not to suppress her, and our lusts extoll;
This life in all things, to enioy the next; (text
Of which lawes, thy youth, both contain'd the
And the contents; ah, that thy grey-ripe yeeres
Had made of all, *Cesarean* Commentares,
(More then can now be thoght) in fact t'enroule;
And make blacke Faction blush away her soule.

That, as a Temple, built when Pietie *Simil.*
Did to diuine ends offer specially, *in libary*
What men enioy'd; that wondrous state exprest,
Strange Art, strange cost; yet who had interest

Epicedium,

In all the frame of it; and saw those dayes;
Admir'd but little; and as little praise
Gauē to the goodly Fabricke : but when men,
That liue whole Ages after, view it, then,
They gaze, and wonder; and the longer time
It stands, the more it glorifies his prime;
Growes fresh in honor; and the age doth shame
That in such Monuments neglect such fame ;
So had thy sacred Frame beene rais'd to height,
Forme, fulnesse, ornament : the more the light
Had giuen it view , the more had Men admir'd;
And tho men now are scarce to warmnesse fir'd
VVith loue of thee; but rather colde and dead
To all sence of the grace they forfeited.
In thy neglect, and losse; yet after-ages
VVould be inflam'd, and put on holy rages
with thy inspiring vertues; cursing those (Rose.
VVhose breaths dare blast thus, in the bud, the
But thou (woe's me) art blown vp before blowne,
And as the ruines of some famous Towne,
Show here a Temple stood; a Pallace, here;
A Cytadell, an Amphitheater;
Of which (ahlas) some broken Arches, still
(Pillars, or Columns rac't; which Art did fill
VVith

or, a Funerall Song.

VWith all her riches and Diuinitie)
Retaine their great, and vworthy memory :
So of our Princes state, I nought rehearse
But show his ruines, bleeding in my verse.
What poison'd Ast'risme, may his death accuse?
Tell thy astonisht Prophet (deathles Muse)
And make my starres therein, the more aduerse,
The more aduance, vvith sacred rage my Verse,
And so adorne my dearest Fautors Herse.
That all the wits prophane, of these bold times
May feare to spend the spawne of their rancke
On any touch of him, that shold be sung (rymes
To eares diuine, and aske an Angels tongue.
VWith this it thundred; and a lightning show'd
VWhere she fate writing in a fable cloud;
A Penne so hard and sharpe exprest her plight,
It bit through Flint; and did in Diamant write;
Her vvords, she sung, and laid out such a brest,
As melted Heauen, and vext the very blest.
In which she cal'd all worlds to her complaints,
And how our losse grew, thus vvith teares shee

*Muse la-
cbrima,*

paints :

Hear earth & heauen (& you that haue no eares)
Hell, and the hearts of tyrants, heare my teares :

*The cause
and man-
ner of the
Princes
death.*

Thus

Epicedium,

Thus Brittain *Henry* tooke his timelesse end;
VVhen his great Father did so far transcend
All other Kings; and that he had a Sonne
In all his Fathers gifts, so farre begunne,
As added to *Fames* Pynions, double wings;
And (as braue riuers, broken from their springs,
The further off, grow greater, and disdame
To spread a narrower current then the Maine)
Had drawne in all deserts such ample Spheares,
As Hope yet neuer turn'd about his yeeres.
All other Princes with his parts comparing;
Like all Heauens pettie Luminaries faring,
To radiant *Lucifer*, the dayes first borne)

Rhamnusia
(Goddesse
of reuenge,
and taken
for For-
tune) in en-
uy of our
Prince, ex-
cited Feuer
against
him.

The Feuer
the Prince
died on
(by *Prose*.
popeia) de-
scribed by
her effects
& circum-
stances.

It hurld a fire red as a threatening Morne
On fiery *Rhamnusias* sere, and sulphurous spight,
who turn'd the sterne orbs of her ghastly sight,
About each corner of her vaste Command,
And (in the turning of her bloody hand)
Sought how to ruine endlessly our Hope,
And set to all mishap all entries ope.
And see how ready meanes to mischief are;
She saw, fast by, the bloud-affecting Feuer,
(Euen when th' Autumnal-starre began t'expire)
Gathering in vapours thinn, Ethernall fire :

Of

or, *Funerall Song.*

Of which, her venomde finger did in part
 To our braue Princes fount of heat, the heart;
 A praternaturall heat, which through the vaines
 And Arteries, by th blood and spirits meanes
 Diffus'd about the body, and inflam'd,
 Begat a Feuor to be neuer nam'd.
 And now this loather of the louely Light,
 (Begot of *Erebus*, and vglie Night)
 Mounted in hast, her new, and noysfull Carre,
 Whose wheelles had beam-spokes frō th *Hungarian* star;
 And all the other frame, and freight, from thence
 Deriud their rude and ruthlesse influence,
 Vp to her left side, lept infernall Death
 His head hid in a cloud of sensuall breath;
 By her sat furious *Anguish*, *Pale Despight*,
Murmure, and *Sorrow*, and possest *Affright*,
Yellow Corruption, *Marow-eating Care*,
 Languor, chill Trembling, fits Irregulare,
 Inconstant Collor, feeble voyc's Complaint,
 Relentles Rigor, and Confusion faint,
Frantick Distemper; & *Hare-eyd vnrest*; (breast
 And short-breath'd *Thirst*, with th'ever-burning
 A wreath of Adders bound her trench'd Browes;
 Where Tormēt Ambusht lay with all her throw's

The Fever
 the Prince
 dyed off, is
 obseru'd by
 our Mo-
 derne Phi-
 sitions to
 bee begun
 in Hunga-
 rie.

Out of the
 property of
 the Hare
 that never
 shuts her
 eyes slee-
 ping.

D

Marmarian

Epicedium

Marmarica *Marmarian Lyons*, frindg'd with flaming *Manes*,
Leons, of Drew this grym furie, and her brood of *Banes*,
Marmarica Their hearts of glowing *Coles*, murmurd, & rord,
a Region To beare her crook't yokes, and her *Banes* abhord,
in Affrica To their deare *Prince*, that bore them in his *Armes*,
 where the fiercest *Ly-* And should not suffer, for his *Good*, their *Harmes*;
 ons are bred; with Then from *Hels* burning whirlepit vp the hallde,
 which *Feu-* The horrid *Monster* fierce *Echidna* calde;
 ner is sup- That from her *Stigian* *lawes*, doth vomit ever,
 poid to bee Their *Quitture*, and *Venome*, yet is empty neuer:
 drawn, for Then burnt her bloudshot eyes, her *Temples* yet
 their ex- Were cold as Ice, her Necke all drownd in sweet:
 cesse of *Palenes* spred all her breast, her lifes heat stung:
 heat & vi- The Minds *Interpreter*, her scorched tongue,
 olence, Flow'd with blew poison: frō her yawning *Mouth*
 part of the *Rhumes* fell like spouts fild frō the stormy *South*:
 effects of this *Feu-* Which being corrupt, the hewe of *Saffron* tooke,
 The pro- A feruent *Vapor*, all her body shooke:
 perties of From whence, her *Vexed Spirits*, a noysome smell,
 the Feuer Expyr'd in fumes that lookt as blacke as *Hell*.
 in these A ceaseles *Torrent* did her *Nosthrils* steepe,
 effects. Her witherd *Entrailes* tooke no rest, No *sleepe*:
 Her swoln throte ratl'd, warmd with lifes last spark
 And in her salt jawes, painfull Coughs did barke:
 Her

or, *Funerall Song.*

Her teeth were staind with Rust, her fluttish hand
Shee held out reeking like a *New-quencht Brand*:
Arm'd with crook'd *Tallons* like the horned *Moone*,
All *Cheere*, all *Base*, all *Hope* with her was gone:
In her left hand a quenchles fire did glow,
And in her *Right Palme* freez'd *Sithonian Snow*:
The ancient *Romanes* did a *Temple* build
To her, as whome a *Deitie* they held:
So hyd, and farre from cure of *Man* shee flies,
In whose *Lifes Power* she mates the *Deities*.

When fell *Rhamnusia* saw this *Monster* nere,
(Her steele *Heart* sharpning) thus she spake to her:
Seest thou this *Prince* (great *Maid* & seed of *Night*)
Whose brows cast beams about the, like the *Light*:
Who joyes securely in all present *State*,
Nor dreams what *Fortune* is, or future *Fate*:
At whome, with fingers, and with fixed eyes
All Kingdomes *Point*, and *Looke*, and *Sacrifice*:
Could be content to giue him: *Temples* raise
To his *Expectance*, and *Vnbounded Praise*:
His *Now-ripe Spirits*, and *Valor* doth despise,
Sicknesse, and *Sword*, that giue our *Godheads* *Prise*:
His worth contracts the worlds, in his sole *Hope*,
Religion, *Vertue*, *Conquest* haue no scope:

D 2

But

Epicedium

But his Indowments; At him, at him, flie;
More swift, and timelesse, more the Deitie;
His Sommer, Winter with the jellid flakes;
His pure Life, poyson, sting out with thy Snakes;
This is a worke will Fame thy Maidenhead:

Rham:
durst nolo-
ger indure
her, beeing
stirred into
furie.

The starry
Euening
describ'd
by *Vulcans*
setting to
worke at
that time.
The Night
being ever
chiefly
consecrate
to the
Works of
the Gods,
and out of
this Deities
fires, the
Starres are
suppos'd to
flye; as
sparkles of
them.

The good
Angell of
the Prince
to the Fe-
ver, as shee approacht.

With this, her speach and she together fledde;
Nor durst she more endure her dreadfull eyes;
Who stung with goads her roaring Lyons thyes;
And brandisht round about, her Snak-curl'd head
With her left hand, the Torch it managed. (blew;
And now Heavens Smith, kindl'd his Forge &
And through the round Pole, thick the sparks flew
When great Prince *Henrie*, the delight of fame;
Darknd the Pallace, of his Fathers Name;
And hid his white lymes, in his downie Bed;
Then Heaven wept falling Stars that summoned
(With soft, and silent Motion) sleepe to breath
On his bright Temples, th'Ominous forme of
Which now the cruel Goddess did permit, (death;
That she might enter so, her Mayden sit;
When the good Angell, his kind Guardian,
Her wither'd foot, saw neare this spring of Man;
He shrikt and said, what, what are thy rude ends;
Cannot, in him alone, all vertues friends,

(Melted

or, *Funerall Song.*

(Melted into his all-vpholding Nerus;
For whose Assistance, euery Deity serues)
Mouue thee to proue thy Godhead, blessing him
With long long life, whose light extinckt, wil dim,
All heavenly graces? all this, moon'd her nought;
But on, & in his, all our ruines wrought: (shooke;

She toucht the Thresholds, and the thresholds
The dore-posts, *Palenes* pierst with her faint look:

The dores brake open, and the fatall Bed

Rudely sh'approacht, & thus her fell mouth said;

Henrie, why tak'st thou thus thy rest secure?

Nought doubting what Fortune & fates assure;

Thou neuer yet felt'st my red right hands maims,

That I co thee, and fate to me proclaimes;

Thy fate stands idle; spinns no more thy thread;

Die thou must (great Prince) sigh not; beare thy

In all things free, even with necessity (head

If sweet it be to liue; tis sweet to dye:

This said shee shooke at him her Torch, and cast

A fire in him; that all his breast embrac't;

Then darting through his heart a deadly cold,

And as much venome as his vaines could hold;

Death, Death, O Death; inserting, thrusting in,

Shut his faire eyes, and op't our vglie sinne:

D 3

This

Fewer to
the prince;
who is
thought
by a friend
of mine to
speake too
mildly; not
being satis-
compas me-
tis Portice,
in this. Her
counsell or
persuasio,
shewing
onlie how
the Prince
was per-
swaded &
resolu'd in
his deadly-
est suffe-
rance of her
which shee
is made to

speake in spight of her selfe, since he at her worst was so sacredly resolute.

Epicedium

This scene resol'd on, by her selfe and fate;
Was there a sight so pale, and desperate,
Euer before scene, in a thrust-through State?

Descriptio
of the tem-
pest that
cast Sir Th.
Gates on
the Bermu-
das, & the
state of his
Ship and
Men, to
this King-
domes
Plight
applied in
the Princes
death.

The poore *Verginian*, miserable sayle,
Along-long-Night-turn'd-Day, that liu'd in Hell
Neuer so portrayd, where the Billowes stroue
(Blackt like so many Devils) which should proue
The damned Victor; all their furies heighting;
Their Drum, the thunder; & their Colours light-
Both souldiers in the battel; one contending (ning,
To drown the waucs in Noyse; the other speding
His Hel-hot sulphurous flames to drink the dry:
When heaven was lost, when not a teare-wrackt
Could tell in all that dead time, if they were, (eye,
Sincking or sayling; till a quickning cleere
Gave light to saue them by the ruth of Rocks
At the *Bermudas*; where the tearing shocks
And all the Miseries before, more felt
Then here halfe told; All, All this did not melt
Those desperate few, still dying more in teares,
Then this Death, all men, to the Marrow weares:
All that are Men; the rest, those drudging Beasts,
That onely beare of Men, the Coates, and Crests;
And for their Slaue, sick, that can earne the pence,
More

or, *Funerall Song.*

More mourne (O Monsters) the for such a Prince;
Whose soules do ebbe & flow still with their gain;
Who nothing moues but pelf, & their own pain;
Let such (great Heauen) be onely borne to beare,
All that can follow this meere Massacre.

Lost is our poore Prince; all his sad iudurers;
The busie Art of those that should be Curers;
The sacred vowes made by the zealous King,
His God-like Syre; his often visiting;
Nor thy graue prayers and presence (holy Man)
This Realme thrice Reverend Metropolitan,
That was the worthy Father to his soule:
Th'insulting Feuer could one fit controule.
Nor let me here forget on farre, and neare;
And in his lifes loue, Passing deepe and deare;
That doth his sacred *Memorie* adore,
Virtues true favior his graue *Chancellor*;
Whose worth in all workes should a *Place* enioie,
Where his fit *Fame* her *Triumpet* shall iimplie,
Whose *Cares*, and *Prayers*, were euer vsde to ease
His fei'rous Warre, & send him healthfull peace,
Yet sicke our *Prince* is still; who though the steps
Of bitter *Death*, he saw bring in by heaps
Clouds to his *Luster*, and poore rest of light;

And

The Arch-
bishop of
Canterbury
passing py-
ous in care
of the
Prince.
S. Ed: Phil.
lips Master
of the Rolls
and the
Princes
Chance-
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sorrower
for him.

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Epicedium

And felt his last Day suffering lasting Night;
His true-bred-braue soule, shrunk yet at no part;

The prince
heroical his
bearing his
sicknes at
the Kings
comming
to see him,
careful not
to discom-
fort him. Downe kept he all sighs, with his powers al-Hart;
Cler'd euen his dying browes: and (in an Eye
Manly dissembling) hid his Misery.

And all to spare the Royall heat so spent
In his sad Father, fearefull of th'event. (show

The
Twelfth
day after
his begin-
ning to bee
sicke, his
sicknes was
hold incur-
rable. And now did *Phæbus* with his Twelfth Lampe
The world his haples light: and in his Brow
A Torch of Pitch stuck, lighting halfe th'halfe skies,
When lifes last error prest the broken eyes
Of this heart-breaking Prince; his forc't look fled;
Fled was all Colour from his cheekes; yet fed
His spirit, his sight: with dying now, he cast

On his kind King, and Father: on whome, fast
He fixt his fading beames: and with his view
A little did their empty Orbs renew:

The prince
dying to
the King. His Mind saw him, come frō the deeps of Death,
To whome he said, O Author of my Breath:
Soule to my life, and essence to my Soule,
Why grieve you so, that should al grieve cōtroule?
Death's sweeter to me, that you are still lifes creature,
I now haue finish't the great worke of Nature.
I see you pay a perfect Fathers debt

And

or, a Funerall Song.

And in a feattfull Peace your Empire kept;
If your true Sonnes last words haue any right
In your most righteous Bosome, doe not fright
your hearkning kingdoms to your cariage now;
All yours, in mee, I here resigne to you,
My youth (I pray to God with my last powres)
Substract from me may adde to you and yours.

Thus vanisht he, thus swift, thus instantly;
Ah now I see, euen heavenly powres must dye.

*The for-
rowes and
bemoanes
of the King
Queene,
Prince and
his most
Princely
Sister, for
the Prin-
ces death.*

Now shift the *King* and *Queene* from court to
but no way can shift off their cares resort, (court
That which we hate the more vve flie, pursues,
that which we loue, the more we seek, eschewes:
Now weepes his Princely *Brother*; Novv alas
His *Cynthia Sister*, (our sole earthly Grace)
Like *Hebes* fount still ouerflowes her bounds,
And in her colde lips, stick astonisht sounds,
Sh'oppresseth her sweet kinde; In her soft brest
Care can no vent finde, it is so comprest:

And see howv the Promethean Liuer growes
As vulture Griefe deuoures it: see fresh shoves
Reuiue woes sence, and multiply her soule;
And worthely; for vvho would teares controle
On such a springing ground? Tis dearely fit,
To pay all tribute, Thought can poure on it:

*The fune-
rall deseri-
bed.*

E

For

Epicedium,

For vvhy vvere Funerals first vs'd but for these;
Presag'd and cast in their Natiuities? (staid
The streames were checkt a while: so Torrents
Enrage the more; but are (left free) allaid.

Now our grim waues march altogether; Now
Our blacke seas runne so high, they ouerflow
the clouds they nourish; now the gloomy herse
Puts out the Sunne: Reuiue, reuiue (dead vierse)
death hath slain death; there ther the person lies
VVhose death should buy out all mortalities.

But let the world be now a heape of death,
Lifes ioy lyes dead in him, and challengeth
No lesse a reason: If all motion stooode
Benumb'd and stupified, with his frozen blood;
And like a Tombe-stone, fixt, lay all the seas
There were fit pillers for our Hercules
To bound the world with: Men had better dye
Then out-live free times; slaues to Policie.

On on sad Traine, as from a crannid rocke
Bee-swarmes rob'd of their honey, ceasles flock.
Mourne, mourne, dissected now his cold lims lie
Ah, knit so late vvith flame, and Maiestie.
where's now his gracious smile, his sparkling eie
His Iudgement, Valour, Magnanimitie?
O God, what dorch not one short hour snatch vp
Of

or, a Funerall Song.

Of all mans glosse ? still ouer-flowes the cup
Of his burst cares; put with no nerues together,
And lighter, then the shadow of a feather.

On : make earth pomp as frequent as ye can,
'Twill still leaue black, the fairest flower of man;
Yee vuell may lay all cost on miserie,
'Tis all can boast, the proud'st humanitie.

If yong *Marcellus* had to grace his fall,
Sixe hundred *Herses* at his Funerall;
Sylla sixe thousand; let Prince *Henry* haue
Sixe Millions bring him to his greedy graue.
And now the States of earth, thus mourn below
Behold in Heauen, *Loue* with his broken Bow;
his quiuer downwards turn'd, his brands put out
Hanging his wings; with sighes all black about.

Nor lesse, our losse, his Mothers heart infests,
Her melting palmes, beating her snowy brests;
As much confus'd, as when the *Calidon Bore*
The thigh of her diuine *Adonis* tore :
Her vows all vaine, resolu'd to blesse his yeeres
VVith Illue Royall, and exempt from freres;
Who now dyed fruitlesse; and preuented then
The best of women, of the best of men.

Mourne all ye Arts, ye are not of the earth;
Fall, fall with him; rise with his second birth.

Epicedium,

Lastly, with gifts enrich the sable Phane,
And odorous lights eternally maintaine,
Sing Priests, O sing now, his eternall rest,
His light eternall; and his soules free brest
As ioyes eternall; so of those the best;
And this short verse be on his Tomb imprest.

EPITAPHIUM.

So swift, alas, an euerlasting River,
As our life in him, past, will last for euer.
The golden Age, Star-like, shot through our Skye;
Aim'd at his pompe renew'd, and stucke in's eye.
(And (like the sacred knot, together put.)
Since no man could dissolue him, he was cut.)

Aliud EPITAPH.

Whom all the vaste frame of the fixed Earth
Shrunk under; now a weake Herse stands beneath;
His Fate, he past in fact; in hope, his Birth;
his youth, in good life; and in spirit, his death.

Aliud EPITAPH.

Blest be his great Begetter, blest the Wombe
That gaue him birth, though much too neare his Tomb;
In them was hee, and they in him were blest;
What their most great powers gaue him, was his least.
His Person grac't the Earth; and of the Skies,
His blessed Spirit, the praise is, and the prise.

FINIS.

THE
FUNERALS
OF THE HIGH AND
MIGHTY PRINCE HENRY,
Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornewaile
and Rothesay, Count Palatine of Chester,
Earle of Carrick; and late KNIGHT
of the most Noble Order
of the GARTER.

Which Noble Prince deceased at St.

James, the sixt day of November, 1612,
and was most Princely interred the seventh
day of December following, within the
Abbey of Westminster, in the Eight-
teenth yeere of his
AGE.



LONDON:

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Pauls, and at Brittaines Burse. 1613.

TABLETS

OF THE

ROYAL

ACADEMY

OF SCIENCES

AND ARTS

OF THE

FRANCE

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Prince of *Wales*, Duke of *Cornewaille*
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Earle of *Carick*, and late Knight
of the most Noble Order
of the GARTER.

VVhich Noble Prince deceased at Saint
JAMES, the 6. day of *November*, 1612. and
was most Princely interred the 7. of *December*
following, within the Abbey of *Westminster*,
in the Eighteenth yeere of
his AGE.



He body of the said PRINCE
being bowelled, enbalméd
and closed vp in Lead, there
were foure Chambers hung
with blackes, viz. the Gaurd
chamber and the Presence
with blacke Cloth, the Priory
Chamber with finer Cloth,

The Funerals

and that which was his *Highnes* Bed-chamber, with blacke Veluet: in the middest whereof was set vp a Canopy of blacke Veluet, valanced, and fringed; vnder which vpon Tressels the Coffin with the body of the PRINCE was placed, couered with a large pall of blacke Veluet, and adorned with Scutchions of his *Armes*. Vpon the head of which Coffin was layde a Cushion of blacke Veluet, and his *Highnesse* Cap and Coronet set thereon, as also his Robes of estate, Sword and Rod of Gould; and so it remayned (being daily and nightly watched) vntill two or three dayes before his *Highnesse* Funerals. In which time euery day, both Morning and Euening Prayers were said in his Presence or Priuy Chamber, by his Chaplaines, and his Gentlemen and chiefe Officers attendant thereat.

Thursday before the Funeralls his Princely body was brought forth of his Bed-chamber into his priuie chamber.

Friday, it was brought into his Presence-chamber and set vnder his cloath of estate.

Satterday, the fift of *December*, about three of the clocke in the after-noone it was remoued into the Guard-chamber, where all his chiefe seruants and Officers being assembled, and the Officers of *Armes* in their Coates, the corps was solemnly carried into the Chappell of that house, and placed vnder a canopy in the middest of the Quire, the Bishop of Lich-field read the Seruice, and the Gentlemen of the Kings Chappell, with the

of Prince Henry.

the children thereof, sung diuers excellent Anthems, together with the Organs, and other winde instruments, which likewise was performed the day following, being Sunday.

Munday, the 7. of *December*, (the Funerall day) the representation was layd vpon the Corps, and both together put into an open Chariot, and so proceeded as followeth:

Pooremen, in gownes, to the number of 140.

About 300.	{	Gentlemens seruants.
		Esquires seruants.
		Knights seruants.
		Baronets seruants.
		Barons sonnes seruants.
		Viscount sonnes seruants.
	{	Earles sonnes seruants.

Two *Drummes* and a *Fife*, their *Drummes* couered with blacke cloth, and *Scutchions* of the Prince his Armes therevpon.

Portsmouth, Pursuiuant of Armes.

The great Standard of Prince HENRY, being a *Lyon* crowned, standing on a *Chappeau*, borne by Sir *Iohn Win*, KNIGHT and Baronet, the Motto therein, *Fax mentis honesta gloria.*

About

The Funerals

About 306. { Prince HENRY his Household Seruants, according to their severall Offices and Degrees : with Tradesmen and Artificers that belonged vnto his Highnesse.

Trumpets.

The Coronet of the Prince, being the three Feathers in a Crownet, with his Motto; *Iuuat ire per alium*; borne by Sir Roger Dallison, Knight and Baronet.

About 360. { Barons seruants,
Viscounts seruants,
Earles seruants : as well English as Strangers.
The Duke of Lenox his seruants.
The Lord Chauncellors seruants.
Count Henry de Nassau his seruants.

Trumpets.

A Banner of th' Earledome of *Carick*, borne by Sir David Fowles.

A Horse led by a Quirry of the Stable, the Horse was couered with blacke cloath, and armed with Scuchions of that Earledome, hauing his Cheiffron and Plumes.

About

of Prince Henry.

About 80. { Archbishops servants.
Prince Palatine his servants.
Prince Charles his servants.

Blew-mantle Pursuivants of Armes.

A Banner of the Earledome of *Chester*, borne by the Lord *Howard* of *Effingham*.

A Horse led by a Quirry of the Stable, couered with blacke cleath, and armed with Scuchions of that Earledome, his Cheiffon and Plumes.

About 40. { Faulconers and Huntsmen:
Clearkes of the workes.
Clearkes of the Poultry.
Clearkes of the Acary.
Clearkes of the Larder.
Clearkes of the Spicery.
Clearkes of the Kitchin.
Clearkes of the Coffery.
Clearkes of the Stable.
Clearkes of the Auery.
Clearkes of the Wardrobe.
Mr. of the Workes.
Pay-Mr.
And Clarke Comptroller.

About

The Funerals

- Seriants of the Vestry.
 Children of the Chappell.
 Gentlemen of the Chappell in rich
 Copes.
 Musitians.
 Apothecaries and Surgions.
 6. Doctōrs of Physicke.
 24. The Princes Chapleyns.

Portcullis Pursuyant of Armes.

A Banner of the Dukedome of *Rothsay*, borne by the Lord *Bruse*, Baron of *Kinlossfe*.

A Horse led by a Quirry of the Stable, couered with blacke cloath, armed with Scuchions of that Dukedome, his Cheiffon and Plumes.

- Pages of the Chamber.
 Gentlemen, the Princes seruants extraordinary.
 The Princes Solicitor, and Counsell at Law.
 Groome Porter.
 Gentlemen Vfhers, quarter Waiters.
 About 80. Groomes of the Priuy-Chamber extraordinary.
 Groomes of the Priuy-Chamber in ordinary.
 Groomes of the Bed-chamber.
 Pages of the Bed-chamber, and the Princes owne Page.

Rouge

of Prince Henry.

Rouge-Dragon Pursuivant.

A Banner of the Dukedome of Cornewall, borne
by the Lord *Clifford*.

A Horſe led by Mr. *Henry Alexander*, couered
with blacke cloath, armed with Scuchions of that
Dukedome, his Cheiffon and Plumes.

Count *Henrickes* Gentlemen.

Count *Palatines* Gentlemen,

viz.

Mounſieur *Eltz.*

Mounſ. *Helmſtadt.*

Mounſ. *Colbe.*

Mounſ. *Benefer.*

Mounſ. *Adolſbein.*

Mounſ. *Nenzkin.*

Mounſ. *Walbron.*

Mounſ. *Waldgrawe.*

About 146. *viz.*

Mounſ. *Factes.*

Mounſ. *Carden.*

Mounſ. *Berlinger.*

Mounſ. *Gorode.*

Mounſ. *Cawls.*

Mounſ. *Stenſels.*

Mounſ. *Ridzell.*

Mounſ. *Helinger.*

Mounſ. *Henbell.*

Mounſ. *Auckenſten.*

B 2

Mounſ.

The Funerals

Mounf. Gellu.
Mounf. Wallyne.
Mounf. Pellinger.
Mounf. Berlipps.
Mounf. Shott.
Mounf. Weldensfen.
Mounf. Croilesemere.
Mounf. Lewinsien.
Mounf. Dathenes.
Mounf. Colbe.

Scultetetz.
Mounf. Rampf.
Mounf. Dawnfier.
Mounf. Maier.
Mounf. Wanebach.

Prince *Charles* his Gentlemen.
Gentlemen of Prince *Henries* Priuy-
Chamber extraordinary.

Knights and Gentlemen of his High-
nesse Priuy-Chamber in ordinary,
and of his Bed-Chamber, with
Sewers, Caruers, and Cupbearers.

The Prince his Secretary.

The Prince his Threforer of his Houf-
hold. The Threforer of his Reue-
newes, and the Comptroller of his
Houf should together, bearing their
white ftaves.

Roug-

of Prince Henry.

Roug-croix Pursuyant of Armes.

A Banner of the Princes Principalitie of Scotland, with a Labell, borne by the Viscount *Fenton*.

A Horse led by Sir *Sigismund Alexander*, couered with blacke cloath, armed with Scuchions of that Kingdome, his Cheiffon and Plumes.

Baronets.

Barons yonger sonnes.

Sir *Edward Phillips*, Mr. of the Roles, being the Prince his Chaunceller, going alone.

Knights Priuy Councillors to the KING :

viz.

Sir *John Herbart*, Secretary.

Sir *Iulius Cesar* Chaunceller of the Exchequer.

Sir *Thomas Parry*, Chaunceller of the Duchie of *Lancaster*.

Barons eldest sonnes.

Three Trumpets.

Lancaster Herauld.

A Banner of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, quartered with *Wales*, borne by the Viscount *Lisle*.

The Funerals

A Horſe led by Sir *William VVebb*, Knight, covered with blacke cloath, his Cheiffron and Plumes.

Earles yonger ſonnes.
Viſcounts eldeſt ſonnes.

Barons of Scotland.

Barons of England:

viz.

Lord <i>Kneuiſt.</i>	—	Lord <i>Candiſh.</i>
Lord <i>Arundell</i> }	—	Lord <i>Carcwe.</i>
of <i>VVarдор.</i> }		
Lord <i>Stanhop.</i>	—	Lord <i>Denny.</i>
Lord <i>Spencer.</i>	—	Lord <i>Garrard.</i>
Lord <i>Danvers.</i>	—	Lord <i>Harington.</i>
Lord <i>Peters.</i>	—	Lord <i>Ruffell.</i>
Lord <i>VVotton.</i>	—	Lord <i>Knowles.</i>
Lord <i>Norris.</i>	—	Lord <i>Compton.</i>
Lord <i>Hunſden.</i>	—	Lord <i>Chandos.</i>
Lord <i>Northe.</i>	—	Lord <i>Darcy of Chick.</i>
Lord <i>Sheffield.</i>	—	Lord <i>Rich.</i>
Lord <i>VVharton.</i>	—	Lord <i>Evers.</i>
Lord <i>VVentworth.</i>	—	Lord <i>VVindeſor.</i>
Lord <i>Mounteagle.</i>	—	Lord <i>Dudley.</i>
Lord <i>Stafford.</i>	—	Lord <i>Dacres.</i>
Lord <i>Morley.</i>	—	Lord <i>Laware.</i>

Biſhops 5.

of Prince Henry.

Bishops 5. { The Bishop of *Rocheſter*.
The Bishop of *Conentry* and *Lichfield*.
The Bishop of *Ely*.
The Bishop of *Oxford*.
The Bishop of *London*.

The Earle of *Exceſter*.

The Prince his Chamberlayne, Sir *Thomas Chaloner*, alone, bearing his white ſtaffe.

The Lord *Chancellor*, and Count *Henricke*.

The Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*: Preacher.

The great Embrodered Banner of the *Vnion*, borne by the Earles of *Montgomery* and *Argyle*.

A Horſe led, called *Le Cheual de dent*, couered with blacke Veluet, and ledde by a chiefe *Quirry*.
Monſieur Sant Antoin.

The Prince his Hachments of HONOUR, carried by Officers of Armes, viz.

The Spurres, by *Windſor*.

The Gauntlets, by *Somerſet*.

The Helme and Creſt, by *Richmond*.

The Targe, by *Yorke*.

The Sword, by *Norroy*, King of Armes.

The

The Funerals

The Coat, by *Clarencieux*, King of Armes.

Three Gentlemen Vihers to the Prince, bearing their wands.

The Corps of the Prince, lying in an open Chariot, with the Princes representation thereon, inuested with his Robes of estate of Purple Veluet, furred with Ermines, his *Highnesse* Cap and Coronet on his head, and his Rod of Gould in his hand, and at his feet, within the said Chariot, sat Sir *David Murrey*, the Master of his Wardrobe.

The Chariot was couered with blacke Veluet, set with Plumes of blacke feathers, and drawne by sixe Horses couered, and Armed with Scuchions, hauing their Cheiffons and Plumes.

A Canopy of blacke Veluet borne ouer the representation by sixe Baronets.

Tenne Bannerols, borne about the body by ten Baronets.

Sir *Moyle Finch*.

Sir *Thomas Mounson*.

Sir *John Wentworth*.

Sir *Henry Saule*.

Sir *Thomas Brewdnell*.

Sir *Anthony Cope*.

Sir *George Gresley*.

Sir *Robert Cotten*.

Sir *Lewis Tresham*.

Sir *Phillip Tirnit*.

Foure

of Prince Henry.

Fourte Assistants to the Corps, that bore vp the corners of the Pall. viz.

- 1 The Lord *Zouch*.
- 2 The Lord *Aberganemy*.
- 3 The Lord *Burghley*.
- 4 The Lord *Walden*.

William Seger, *Garter*, Principall King of Armes, betweene the Gentleman-Vther of Prince *Charles*, and the Gentleman-Vther of the Prince *Palatine*.

Prince *CHARLES* chiefe Mourner, supported by the Lord Priuy-Seale, and the Duke of *Lenox*.

His Highnesse Trainee was borne by the Lord *Dawdney*, Brother to the Duke of *Lenox*.

Then followed the Prince Elector, *FREDERICK*, Count *Palatine* of the *Rhein*.

His Highnesse Trainee was borne by *Monsieur Shamburgh*.

Twelue Earles Assistants to the chiefe Mourner, viz.

Earle of <i>Nottingham</i> .	Earle of <i>Suffolke</i> .
Earle of <i>Shrewsbury</i> .	Earle of <i>Worcester</i> .
Earle of <i>Butland</i> .	Earle of <i>Suffex</i> .
Earle of <i>Southampton</i> .	Earle of <i>Pembroke</i> .
Earle of <i>Hartford</i> .	Earle of <i>Essex</i> .
Earle of <i>Dorset</i> .	Earle of <i>Salisbury</i> .

C

Earles

The Funerals, &c.

Earles strangers, attendants on Count *Palatine*,

Count *Wigensten*.

Count *Lewis de Nassau*.

Count *Leuningsten*.

Count *Hodenlo*.

Count *Ringraue*.

Count *Erback*.

Count *Nassau*. *Scarburg*.

Count *Le Hanow*, Iunior.

Count *Isinbersb*.

Count *Solmes*.

Count *Zerottin*.

} Pages.

The Horse of Estate, led by Sir *Robert Dowglas*,
Maister of the Princes Horse.

The *Palzgreaves* Priuy-Counsellors, viz.

The Count of *Solmes*.

Mounſieur *Shouburgh*.

Mounſieur *de Pleshan*.

Mounſieur *Helmeſtedt*.

Mounſ. *Shouburgh*, Iunior.

Mounſ. *Landſbat*.

Officers and Groomes of Prince *Henries* stable.

The Guard.

The Knight *Marshall*, and twenty seruants that
kept order in the proceeding.

Diuers Knights and Gentlemen, the Kings ser-
uants that came in voluntary in blacks. So that the
whole number amounted to 2000. or thereabout.

FINIS.

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